

REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

The Shyness of Shorty

By REX BEACH

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PROLOGUE.

As a teller of adventure tales Rex Beach is without an equal in America. Years of experience as a miner in Alaska made him familiar with a little known quarter of the globe where life flows at full tide; consequently his stories are not only intensely interesting, but they are absolutely true to nature. Most of his characters are real people, changed somewhat to suit the motives of the particular story in which they appear. He has been in many an Alaskan gold rush and has had many narrow escapes. One of the stories in this series describes a frightful experience in a blizzard in an Alaskan pass. Beach participated in a trip of this very character and barely escaped being frozen to death. One of the Indians who accompanied him died of exposure. Beach made his first great hit with "The Spoilers," a remarkably interesting tale of life near the arctic circle, and this was followed by "The Barrier" and "The Silver Horde." His Adventure Stories are varied in character and full of thrilling incidents and humorous episodes. In appearance he resembles a college football player, being six feet two inches tall and weighing 200 pounds.

B AILEY smoked morosely as he scanned the dusty trail leading down across the "bottom" and away over the dry, gray prairie toward the hazy mountains in the west.

He called gruffly into the silence of the house, and his speech held the silence of his attitude:

"Hot Joy! Bar X onit coming."

A Chinaman appeared in the door and gazed at the six mile team descending the distant gully to the ford.

"Jesse one man, hey? All right!"

and he slid quietly back to the kitchen.

Whatever might be said, or rather,

whatever might be suspected, of Bailey's roadhouse—for people did not run to words, conjecture in this country—it was known that he boasted a "good cook," and this alone for a catalogue of shortcomings. So it was popular among the hands of the big cattle ranges near by. Those given to idle talk held that Bailey acted strangely at times, and rumor painted occasional black doings at the

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suddenness that the breath fled from him in a spasm of terror. Then, seizing his cue, he kicked and hobbled the prostrate Chinaman in feverish silence. He dashed and rolled across the porch to Bailey. Staring truthfully up at the landlord, he spoke for the first time.

"Was I right in supposing that something amused ye?"

"No, sir; I reckon you're mistaken. I ain't observed anything frivolous yet."

"Glad it," said the little man. "I don't like a feller to hog a joke all by himself. Some of the Bar X boys took to absorbing humor out of my shape when I first went to work, but they're sort of educated out of it now. I got an eye from one and a finger off of another. The last one donated a ear."

Bailey readily conceived this man as a bad antagonist, for the heavy corded neck had split buttons from the blue shirt, and he glimpsed a chest hairy and round as a drum, while the brown arms showed knobby and hardened.

"Let's liquor," he said and led the way into the big, low room serving as bar, dining and living room. From the rear came vicious clatterings and stampings of pots, mingled with oriental lamentations, indicating an aching body rather than a chastened spirit.

"Don't see ye often," he continued, with a touch of implied curiosity.

"No, the old man don't let me get away much. He knows that dwelling close to the ground, as I do, I plan for spiritual elevation," with a melting glance at the bottles behind the bar, doing much to explain the size of his first drink.

"Like it, do ye?" questioned Bailey, indicating the shelf.

"Well, not exactly. Booze is like air—I need it. It makes a new man out of me and usually ends by getting both me and the new one laid off."

"Didn't hear nothing of the wedding over at Los Huecos, did ye?"

"No. Whose wedding?"

"Ross Turney, the new sheriff."

"Ye don't say! Him? That's been elected on purpose to rump up the Tremper gang, hey? Who's his antagonist?"

"Old man Miller's gal. He's celebrating his election by getting spliced. I been expecting of 'em across this way tonight, but I guess they took the Black Butte trail. Ye heard what he said, didn't ye? Claims that inside of ninety days he'll rid the county of the Tremper and give the reward to his wife for a bridal present. Five thousand dollars on 'em, ye know." Bailey grinned evilly and continued: "Say, Marsh Tremper 'll ride up to his house some night and make him eat his own gun in front of his bride, see if he don't. Then there'll be cause for an inquest and an election." He spoke with what struck the teamster as unnecessary heat.

"Dunno," said the other. "Turney's a brash young feller, I hear, but he's game. Tain't any of my business, though, and I don't want none of his contract. I'm violently addicted to peace and quiet, I am. Guess I'll on-itch."

As the saddened Joy lit candles in the front room there came the rattle of wheels without, and a backboard stopped in the bar of light from the door. Bailey's anxiety was replaced by a mask of listless surprise as the voice of Ross Turney called to him:

"Hello, there, Bailey! Are we in time for supper? If not, I'll start an insurrection with that Boxer of yours. He's got to turn out the snoringest supper of the season tonight. It ain't every day your shack is honored by a bride. Mr. Bailey, this is my wife, since 10 o'clock a. m." He introduced a blushing, happy girl, evidently in the grasp of many emotions. "We'll stay all night, I guess."

"Sure," said Bailey. "I'll show ye a room," and he led them up beneath the low roof where an unusual cleanliness betrayed the industry of Joy.

The two men returned and drank to the bride, Turney with the reckless lightness that distinguished him, Bailey sullen and watchful.

"Got another outfit here, haven't you?" questioned the bridegroom. "Who is it?"

Before answer could be made, from the kitchen arose a tortured howl and the smashing of dishes, mingled with stormy rumblings. The door burst inward, and an agonized Joy fled, slipping out into the night, while behind him rolled the caricature from Bar X.

"I just stopped for a drink or water," boomed the dwarf, then paused at the twitching-face of the sheriff.

He swelled ominously, like a great pigeon, purple and congested with rage. Strutting to the newcomer, he glared insolently up into his snuffing face.

"What are ye laughing at, ye shave-tail?" His hands were clinched till his arms showed tense and rigid, and the cords in his neck were thickly swollen.

"Jemine in on it! I'm strong on humor. What to b—j alls ye?" he yelled, in a fury, as the tall young man gazed fixedly, and the glasses rattled at the bellow from the barred-up lugs.

"I'm not laughing at you," said the sheriff.

"Oh, ain't ye?" mocked the man of peace. "Well, take care that ye don't, ye big wart, or I'll trample them new clothes and browse around on some of your features. I'll take ye apart till ye look like cut feed. Guess ye don't know who I am, do ye? I'm—"

"Who is this man, Ross?" came the anxious voice of the bride, descending the stairs.

The little man spun like a dancer and, spying the girl, blushed to the color of a prickly pear, then stammered painfully, while the sweat shod out under the labor of his discomfort:

"Just 'Shorty,' m'las," he finally quavered. "Plain 'Shorty' of the Bar X—er—a miserable, crawling worm for disturbing of ye." He rolled his eyes helplessly at Bailey while he sipped with his crumpled, sombrero at the glistening perspiration.

"Why didn't ye tell me?" he whispered ferociously at the host, and the volume of his query carried to Joy, hiding out in the night.

"Mr. Shorty," said the sheriff grave-ly, "let me introduce my wife, Mrs. Turney."

The bride smiled sweetly at the tremulous little man, who broke and fled to a high bench in the darkest corner, where he dangled his short legs in a silent ecstasy of bashfulness.

"I reckon I'll have to rope that Chin, then, blindfold and back him into the kitchen, if we git any supper," said Bailey, disappearing.

Later the Chinaman stole in to set the table, but he worked with hectic and fitful energy, a fearful eye always upon the dim bulk in the corner, and at a fancied move he shook with an agony of apprehension. Backing and stilling, he finally announced the meal, prepared to stampede madly at notice.

During the supper Shorty ate ravenously of whatever lay to his hand, but asked no favors. The agony of his shyness paralyzed his huge vocal muscles till speech became a labor quite impossible.

To a pleasant remark of the bride he responded, but no sound issued; then, breathing heavily into his larynx, the reply roared upon them like a burst of thunder, seriously threatening the gravity of the meal. He retired abruptly into moist and self-conscious silence, fearful of feasting his eyes on this disturbing loveliness.

As soon as compatible with decency he slipped back to his bunk in the shed behind and lay staring into the darkness, picturing the amazing occurrences of the evening. At the memory of her level glance he felt a tremble and sighed ecstatically, pre-lingling with a new, strange emotion. He lay till far into the night, wakeful and absorbed. He was able to grasp the fact but dimly that all this dazzling perfection was for one man. Were it not manifestly impossible he supposed other men in other lands knew other ladies as beautiful, and it furthermore grew upon him blackly, in the thick gloom, that in all this world of womanly sweetness and beauty no modicum of it was for the misshapen dwarf of the Bar X outfit. All his life he had fought furiously to uphold the empty shell of his dignity in the eyes of his comrades, yet always morbidly conscious of the difference in his body. Whisky had been his solace, his sweet-heart. It changed him, raised and be-tilled him into the likeness of other men, and now as he pondered he was aware of a consuming thirst engendered by the heat of his earlier emotions. Undoubtedly it must be quenched.

He rose and stole quietly out into the big front room. Perhaps the years of free life in the open had bred a suspicion of walls; perhaps he felt his conduct would not brook discovery; perhaps habit prompted him to take the two heavy Colts from their bolsters and thrust them inside his trousers band.

He slipped across the room, silent and cavern-like, its blackness broken by the window squares of starry sky, till he felt the paucity of glassware behind the bar.

"Here's to her." It burned delightfully.

"Here's to the groom." It tingled more alluringly.

"I'll drink what I can and get back to the bunk before it works," he thought, and the darkness veiled the measure of his potations.

He started at a noise on the stairway. His senses, not yet dulled, detected a stealthy tread—not the careless step of a man unafraid, but the cautious rustle and halt of a marauder. Every nerve bristled to keenest alertness as the faint occasional sounds approached, passed the open end of the bar where he crouched, leading on to the window. Then a match flared, and the darkness rushed out as a candle wick spluttered.

Shorty stretched on tiptoe, brought his eye to the level of the bar and gazed upon the bozzant head of Bailey. He sighed thankfully, but watched with interest his strange behavior.

Bailey moved the light across the window from left to right three times, paused, then wigwagged some code out into the night.

"He's signaling," mused Shorty. "Hope he gets through quick. I'm getting full." The fumes of the liquor were beating at his senses, and he knew that soon he would move with difficulty.

The man, however, showed no intention of leaving, for, his signals completed, he blew out the light, first listening for any sound from above; then

his figure loomed black and immonious against the dim starlight of the window.

"Oh, Lord, I got to set down!" and the watcher squatted upon the floor, bracing against the wall. His dulling perceptions were sufficiently acute to detect shuffling footsteps on the porch and the cautious unbarring of the door.

"Getting late for visitors," he thought as he entered a blissful doze. "When they're abed I'll turn in."

It seemed much later that a shot startled him. To his dizzy hearing came the sound of curses overhead, the stamp and shift of feet, the crashing fall of struggling men and, what



brought him unsteadily to his legs, the agonized scream of a woman. It echoed through the house, chilling him, and dwindled to an aching moan.

Something was wrong, he knew that, but it was hard to tell just what. He must think. What hard work it was to think too! He'd never noticed before what a laborious process it was. Probably that sheriff had got into trouble. He was a fresh guy, anyhow, and he'd laughed when he first saw Shorty. That settled it. He could get out of it himself. Evidently it was nothing serious, for there was no more disturbance above, only confused murmurings. Then a light showed in the stairs, and again the shuffling of feet came as four strange men descended. They were lit by the sardonic Bailey, and they dragged a sixth between them, bound and helpless. It was the sheriff.

Now, what had he been doing to get into such a fix? The prisoner stood against the wall, white and defiant. He strained at his bonds silently, while his captors watched his futile struggles. There was something terrible and menacing in the quietness with which they gloated—a suggestion of some horror to come. At last he desisted and buput forth:

"You've got me, all right. You did this, Bailey, you—traitor!"

"He's never been a traitor, as far as we know," sneered one of the four. "In fact, I might say he's been strictly on the square with us."

"I didn't think you made war on women, either, Marsh Tremper, but it seems you're everything from a dog thief down. Why couldn't you fight me alone, in the daylight, like a man?"

"You don't wait till a rattler's coiled before you stomp his head off," said the former speaker. "It's either you or us, and I reckon it's you."

So these were the Tremper boys, eh? The worst desperadoes in the southwest, and Bailey was their ally. The watcher eyed them, mildly curious, and it seemed to him that they were as had a quartet as rumor had painted—bad even for this country of bad men. The sheriff was a fool for getting mixed up with such people. Shorty knew enough to mind his own business, anyway, if others didn't. He was a peaceful man and didn't intend to get mixed up with outlaws. His mellow meditations were interrupted by the hoarse speech of the sheriff, who had broken down into his rage again and struggled madly while words ran from him.

"Let me go, — you! Let me free! I want to fight the coward that struck my wife. You've killed her! Who was it? Let me get at him!"

Shorty stiffened as though a donche of ice water had struck him. "Killed her! Struck his wife! My God! Not that sweet, creature of his dreams who had talked and smiled at him without noting his deformity!"

An awful anger rose in him, and he moved out into the light.

"Han's up!"

Whatever of weakness may have dragged at his legs, none sounded in the great bellowing command that flooded the room. At the compelling volume of the sound every man whirled and eight empty hands shot skyward. Their startled eyes beheld a man's squat body wearing uncertainly on the limbs of an insect, while in each hand shone a blue-black Colt that waved and circled in maddening, erratic orbits.

At the command Marsh Tremper's mind had leaped to the fact that behind him was one man, one against five, and he took a gambler's chance.

As he whirled he drew and fired. None but the dwarf of Bar X could have lived, for he was the deadliest hip shot in the territory. His bullet crashed into the wall a hand's breadth over Shorty's cowl. It was a clean heart shot, the practiced whirl and dip of the finished gun fighter, but the roar of his explosion was echoed by another, and the elder Tremper spun unsteadily against the table with a broken shoulder.

"Too high," moaned the big voice. "Dern the liquor!"

He swayed drunkenly, but at the slightest shift of his quarry the aimless wanderings of a black muzzle stopped on the spot and the body behind the guns was congested with deadly menace.

"Face the wall!" he cried. "Quick! Keep 'em up higher!" They sullenly obeyed, their wounded leader reaching with his unjoined member.

To the complacent Shorty it seemed that things were working nicely, though he was disturbingly conscious of his alcoholic lack of balance and tortured by the fear that he might suddenly lose the iron grip of his faculties.

Then, for the second time that night, from the stairs came the voice that threw him into the dreadful confusion of his modesty.

"Oh, Ross," he cried, "I've brought your gun!" And there on the steps, disheveled, pallid and quivering, was the bride, and grasped in one trembling hand was her husband's weapon.

"Ah-h!" sighed Shorty scrupulously as the vision beat in upon his misty conceptions. "She ain't hurt!"

In his mind there was no room for desperadoes contemporaneously with her. Then he became conscious of the lady's raiment, and his brown cheeks flamed brick red, while he dropped his eyes. In his shrinking, groveling modesty he made for his dark corner.

One of those at bay, familiar with this strange abashment, seized the moment, but at his motion the sheriff screamed, "Look out!"

The quick danger in the cry brought back with a surge the men against the wall, and Shorty swung instantly, firing at the outstretched hand of Bailey as it reached for Tremper's weapon.

The landlord straightened, gazing affrightedly at his finger tips.

"Too low!" and Shorty's voice held aching tears. "I'll never touch another drop. It's plumb ruined my aim."

"Out these strings, girls!" said the sheriff as the little man's gaze again wavered, threatening to leave his prisoners. "Quick! He's blushing again."

When they were manacled Shorty stood in moist exultation, trembling and speechless, under the incoherent thanks of the bride and the silent admiration of her handsome husband. She fluttered about him in a tremor of anxiety lest he be wounded, caressing him here and there with solicitous pats till he felt his shamed and happy spirit would surely burst from its misshapen prison.

"You've made a good thing tonight," said Turney, clapping him heartily on his massive back. "You get the five thousand all right. We were going to Mexico City on that for a bridal trip when I rounded up the gang, but I'll see you get every cent of it, old man. If it wasn't for you I'd have been a heap farther south than that by now."

The open camaraderie and good fellowship that rang in the man's voice affected Shorty strangely, accustomed as he was to the veiled contempt or open compassion of his fellows. Here was one who recognized him as a man, an equal.

He spread his lips, but the big voice squeaked dismally; then, inflating deeply, he spoke so that the prisoners shamed in the corral outside heard him plainly.

"Td rather she took it anyhow," blushing violently.

"No, no!" they cried. "It's yours." "Well, then, half of it." And for once Shorty betrayed the strength of Gibraltar even in the face of the lady, and so it stood.

As the dawn spread over the dusty prairie, tipping the westward mountains with silver caps and spiking the mist out of the cottonwood bottoms, he bade them adieu.

"No! I got to get back to the Bar X or the old man'll swear I been drinking again, and I don't want to dissipate no wrong impressions around." He winked gravely. Then, as the sheriff and his surly prisoners drove off, he called:

"Mr. Turney, take good care of them Tremper. I think a heap of 'em, for, outside of your wife, they're the only ones in this outfit that didn't laugh at me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME.

Cling to thy home! If there the meaneast abed Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,

And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,

Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—

Unsavory bread and herbs that, scattered, grow

Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,

Yet 'en this cheerless mansion shall provide

More hearty repose than all the world beside.

—Leonidas.

Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground.

—Pope.

An exile from home, splendor dazles in vain.

Oh, give me my lowly thatched college again!

The birds singing gayly that came at my call—

Give me them and the peace of mind dearer than all.

—John Howard Payne.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam—

His first best country ever is at home.

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

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The Mercury.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Office Telephone 231
House Telephone 1040

Saturday, August 23, 1913.

Providence in addition to all her other troubles has an epidemic of influenza paralyzing her hands just now. New cases are appearing daily.

It looks as though the President's currency bill had still got a rocky road to travel. It is very doubtful if he can force the measure through a reluctant Congress at this special session.

If Newport's wealthy summer residents take the initiative toward building a summer hotel we shall have the hotel. In the past it is possible that things have started in the wrong way.

At a medical congress held in London lately the doctors in attendance are so much at a banquet that they made themselves all sick. That gave them a good chance to practice on one another.

There can do more killing with impunity if he gets away again. Having been convicted of insanity the worst penalty that would follow another killing would be incarceration in another asylum, from which he could again make his escape.

Mexico seems to be trying to see how much she can get away with without getting a severe spanking from the United States. Well we don't really want to use force, but if Mexico really wants trouble she will probably get all she is looking for if she does go far enough.

The city of Quincy, Mass., has a tax rate this year of \$23.70 on a \$1000. There are very few cities in Massachusetts where the tax is under \$20.00 on a \$1000. People of means better migrate to Rhode Island and settle in Newport County where the tax rate is from \$8 on a \$1000 in Portsmouth to \$12.80 on a \$1000 in the city of Newport.

New York State is in about as bad a way as could well be imagined. With two claimants for the Governorship, and with the Democratic party in the State ripped wide open, it is no wonder that discipline in the various State institutions is said to be a thing of the past. The sooner the impeachment trial is over the better for the State. Next time elect a Republican Governor.

The free sugar part of the Democratic tariff bill has been accepted by the Senate. This would be all right if it would give us cheaper sugar. But will it? All the great sugar refining companies were in favor of the bill. Why? So as to kill off competition in the shape of the western beet sugar planters. When this is done the refiners can charge what they please. The consumers receive only a temporary benefit if any.

The deposed Governor of New York does not propose to give up without a fight. It is said that his friends, including Tom Lawson, will spend one hundred thousand dollars in the next few weeks to arouse public sentiment in his favor. They propose to carry on an elaborate publicity campaign. The governor's opponents are of a class that will make the world more willing to suspend judgment in regard to his alleged misdeeds.

The Newport lawn tennis tournament draws all kinds of visitors to Newport. Secretary McAdoo does not hesitate to avail himself of the facilities, and the courts have been thronged with the leading players, statesmen, and professional men from all over the country. The National lawn tennis tournament is really a national affair and there is no place in the United States so well adapted for it as Newport.

Women's intuition informs them of approaching death, for which reason they seek life insurance and are underratable risks, according to the delegates at the meeting of American Life Insurance Association at St. Paul. Perhaps that may be so but we are strongly of the opinion that something more than intuition serves to make women underratable risks in the minds of insurance people. In fact all statistics go to show that women are longer lived than men.

The New York Evening Post has made telegraphic inquiry from merchants and financial correspondents all over the United States as to their individual expectation of business this fall. Replies indicate a strong consensus of opinion that good points far outweigh the bad and that a prosperous trade season is ahead of us. So says an exchange. It is well, however, not to be too confident in the Post's replies. That paper is in the habit of seeking information only from those it knows will give the returns it desires.

Turkey now has 250,000 troops at Adrianople, and will soon increase the number to 400,000. The situation between Turkey and Bulgaria is becoming critical and an outbreak of a new war is believed probable. It is strange to the outside world how these poverty stricken nations can raise so many men and carry on war so long. When this war commenced the sympathy of the world was with the Bulgarians. Now it is divided and the hope is maintained that both nations may succeed in wiping each other off of the world's map.

Too Much Prosperity.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
Senator Williams of Mississippi says that Republican protection has put industrial conditions on high stilts, and that his party found the tariff "with one leg longer than the other, so we took off proportionately from the long leg, but still the poor, crippled thing will have to go stumbling along." The illustration is mixed, but looks like a confession that the ravens will be a mixed thing, reduced to a pair of unequal stilts. It seems to be the Democratic idea that industrial affairs must be taken down several pegs and crippled to hobble humbly along. The theory is that by cutting off protection in part business will proceed on a less profitable basis, and that by placing American wages in competition with those abroad everybody will be benefited and the cost of living equalized. As a matter of fact it is not in our Republican protection has put strength and vigor in the movement of business, maintained American wages and opened opportunities of employment for all.

There is to be a lowering of business conditions on the supposition that it will be beneficial to bleed the patient and put him on a more frugal diet. Prices are high. The Democratic plan is to reduce business profits and make the American worker compete with labor abroad. If this does not bring down the cost of living it will at least limit the fruits of labor and make it less able to pay high prices. Less will be spent for dear food if there is little or nothing to spend. Industry will be taken from the imagined stilt and all engaged in it will plod along with lessened business chances and expectations. If, after a time, industrial conditions are on their uppers the cost of living may be less, but Democratic leaders want it understood that the lowering is to be in industries and not necessarily in the cost of food, without considerable delay. Industry must climb down from its present altitude. The Democratic belief that it is excessive. Again they are in a queer mud-dle.

Eliminating Grade Crossings.

New Haven Railroad Abolishing Sixteen Highway Crossings and One Railroad Crossing.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company has under active construction the abolition of sixteen highway crossings and one railroad crossing, representing an expenditure of approximately \$2,500,000.

Detailed plans are also being prepared for the abolition of all grade crossings between Boston and Providence, and the Company is actively engaged upon the preparation of plans for eliminating crossings at Braintree, Quincy and Taunton, Massachusetts. Four highway crossings are being eliminated in Massachusetts at the present time and one railroad grade crossing at Clinton.

In Rhode Island, the Company is eliminating five grade crossings at Pawtucket and Central Falls. This work includes the reconstruction of a section of the railroad about one and one-half miles in length, and also the construction of a new joint overhead station. Two crossings being abolished at Rumford, and the elimination of two crossings at Olneyville will soon be under way.

Work on the elimination of grade crossings, in Connecticut includes the construction of a three-span reinforced concrete arch over the tracks at Bridge Street, Ansonia; the elimination of three crossings at Brookfield and one crossing at Still River. The Company has also authorized the elimination of the grade crossing at Mill Plain, and Bantock's crossing at Watford. Several others are under consideration, petitions for which will be drawn and presented to the Public Utilities Commission of Connecticut within a short time.

The Drought.

The long continued drought throughout New England and in fact throughout most of the country is causing much damage to crops. While the effects of this drought causes but little discomfort to city dwellers or those in the country districts are finding it a serious matter. The hay crop was less damaged than corn, fruit and garden truck will be. There are many fields where the grass roots are literally burned, many pastures that offer little pasture and many wells and springs that are dry. The water supply is badly crippled in some communities. The dangers of forest fires and all other fires are especially acute. The dust rises in great clouds from the highways. The rivers and lakes are far below their usual banks.

The rainfall has been far below the normal all the summer, and unless copious rains come soon this will rank as the driest season New England has known since the establishment of the weather bureau. Newport as usual has probably suffered less than any other part of New England.

Captain Hugh L. Willoughby gave his new hydro-aeroplane a preliminary test in the harbor this week. The balloon did not seem to be exactly right so no attempt was made to rise from the water, but after a few slight changes have been made another test will be given next week.

Thursday was a busy day in the excursion line, the regular boats bringing in good crowds, while in addition there was a special boat in from New London which landed an immense crowd at Long wharf.

Lamentation over the character of the Rhode Island delegation to the Put-In-Bay celebration would be somewhat assuaged if there were a stronger hope that some of the delegates would during the trip disqualify themselves from ever coming home.—Providence Tribune.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the regular session of the Court of Probate held on Monday, August 18, all the members were present. Inventories of the estates of Ann P. Shove and Caroline T. Wilson were presented, allowed and ordered recorded.

On the petition of J. Lincoln Sherman, Custodian of the estate of Alice P. Mayer, she was authorized to sell at private sale horses, cows and other live stock on the Mayer Farm and to draw on the deposit in the Aqueduct National Bank, to pay wages to house servants and farm laborers and other expenses incident to caring for the property and effects on the farm and in the dwelling house. A certain paper writing purporting to be her will executed by Mrs. Mayer August 4, 1896, was sent to the Probate Office soon after her death by Tyler, Corneau and Parnes, Attorneys of the City of Boston, but no one seemed inclined to petition for its probate. Both of the persons named as Executors had died before Mrs. Mayer. Under the provisions of this will a considerable portion of the estate was given to the Town Council of Middletown, to hold in trust for advancing the agricultural interests of the County of Newport. On Monday a petition for the probate of this will was presented, signed by Henry I. Chase, in behalf of the people of the County to have this will proved and recorded. The petition was referred to the third Monday of September, with an order of notice.

In Town Council, Joseph E. Kline and David A. Brown were continued as a Committee to stone and improve parts of Mitchell's Lane against the Van Beuren farms and towards which Mr. Van Beuren has agreed to contribute \$1000. This Committee was authorized to proceed according to such plan and specifications as they should see fit to adopt.

David A. Brown was appointed a Committee to procure specifications for stoning 1000 feet of the south end of Paradise Avenue.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

Peckham Brothers Company, for crushed stone applied to Prospect Avenue, \$293.70; to Second and First Beach Avenue, \$237.87; Walter S. Barker, for highway repairs, \$33.55, for over-seeing the application of oil to the highway, \$15, for excavations under the town hall preliminary to installing apparatus for heating, \$12.25; Elisha A. Peckham, for mason work under the town hall, \$45.35; Thomas G. Ward, for services as Town Sergeant, \$15.80; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light at town hall, \$2.15; James W. Barker, highway repairs, \$77.20, for carting and applying crushed stone to Second and First Beach Avenue, \$155.00; Dr. William A. Sherman, for examination of throat cultures, \$2.00; Dr. M. H. Sullivan, for administering anti-toxin to the Souza family, \$5.00; Dr. F. de M. Bertram, for fumigating two houses, \$10.00; David J. Byrne, for fumigating lamps, \$38.47; Accounts for relief of the poor, \$10.17. Total \$933.47.

The Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Canvassers on Tuesday, September 2, at two p. m., to make up the voting lists for the present political year. There will be no election of General Officers this autumn, or any other election according to present forecasts, but the law remains in force, requiring an annual compilation of the names and residences of voters in alphabetical order.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. George Jones of Johnston, N. Y. is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Harrington of this town.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Sullivan of Fall River are spending a fortnight with Mrs. Anna Fish.

Mr. William Barclay is entertaining relatives from New York.

Miss Viola Hathaway has been visiting in Boston and vicinity. During the absence of Miss Hathaway, Miss Esther Gifford has been caring for Mrs. Charles Harrington, who, although considerably improved, has not yet recovered from her serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop have been to Plymouth where they were the guests of Mr. Harry D. Mauley.

Mr. N. H. race Peckham who has been with his son Howard Peckham of Sherbourne, Mass., is at home for a short visit.

Mrs. Alfred Sisson who has been in poor health sustained a shock recently which rendered her unconscious. Mrs. Sisson has been spending the summer with her daughter Mrs. Horace Gilmore at Bristol Ferry House. Mrs. Sisson is nearly 94 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Wendell of Boston who have been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kidder have returned to their home. Mrs. C. S. Wendell will remain for a longer visit.

Captain and Mrs. Oliver G. Hicks are entertaining Mrs. John McKie of Wintrop, Mass.

Patrick Davis, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis fell from an apple tree, recently, and broke his wrist in two places.

Mrs. Daniel A. Carter has been entertaining Mrs. Mary Blythe of Newark, N. J., at Walnut Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cary of Highland Farm are entertaining Miss Mary E. Cory.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony have had as guests Mrs. Frank B. Stanton and family of Attleboro.

Misses Norma and Alzada Coggeshall have been spending the week with the former's sister, Mrs. William B. Anthony.

An automobile, owned by New Bedford people, skidded on the newly oiled road near Tallman's switch and was partially overturned and the occupants thrown out, the latter part of last week. There were four women, two men and a chauffeur in the car. All were badly bruised and cut, and one member of the party had a broken arm.

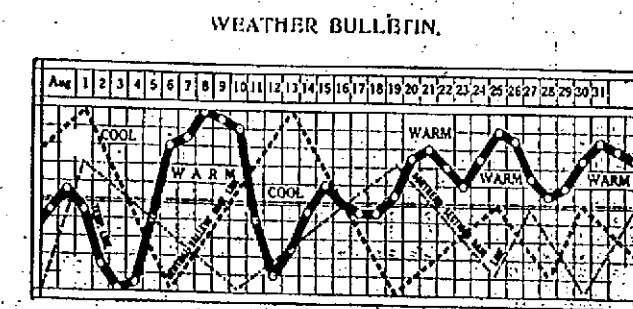
Mrs. William Penn Macomber is visiting her aunt Mrs. Carl Jurgens of Newport.

Mrs. William B. Anthony, Mr. Walter Sherman, Mr. Harold Chase, Mr. J. Lincoln Sherman, Miss Norma Coggeshall and Mrs. Phoebe Edmondson, of Portsmouth Grange attended the State Grange outing at Lime Rock.

Mr. Isaac Gray, who is spending the summer at Prudence Island has been at his home here for a short visit.

Mrs. Abner Slocum and son have been spending a week with the former's aunt Mrs. Thomas E. White.

Mrs. George A. Wyatt and her brother, Mr. Parsons of Providence have gone to Maine to visit relatives.



Temperatures of August will average above normal east of Rockies and rain fall below; a warm, dry month, not the best of corn crop weather. Cooler than usual west Rocky Ridge. Some severe weather but storm forces will be much less than in previous months. See weekly weather bulletin.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather sea breezes move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 21, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 23 to 27, warm wave 23 to 26, cool wave 25 to 29. This disturbance will continue the hot, dry weather in large sections of the great central valleys but not so hot nor so dry in northeastern sections. The drought will have been broken in some sections and the drought territory will not be so large as earlier in the month. We have expected the drought to hold on longer in the middle southwest than elsewhere.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 28, cross Pacific slope by close of 29, great central valleys 30 to Sept. 1, eastern sections Sept. 2. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 28, great central valleys 30, eastern sections Sept. 1. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 31, great central valleys Sept. 2, eastern sections Sept. 4.

The dry, hot weather will continue in a decreased section of the south central valleys up to the time the top of the warm wave passes and then showers, with cooler weather may be expected. A greater amount of rainfall may be expected in northeastern sections. The showers that come with this disturbance will be the last that can help the corn crop. Later rains would prevent the crop from maturing and be of no benefit. Evidently the corn crop will be largely reduced by the reverse.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hadley have had as guest Miss Gladys Slocum of Providence.

Mrs. Joseph Greene of Newport, formerly of this town has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Beiton W. Storrs.

Mrs. Virginia Blankinship of Brockton is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Hart.

The young People's Branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union held a picnic at Lawton's Valley on Tuesday.

Mrs. Minnie A. Steele is entertaining her niece, Miss Maud Ricketts and Miss Harriet Jarvis of Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. William B. Allen, Miss Helen Allen and Mrs. Taylor are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Eunice A. Greene.

Rev. Christopher Rooney has been spending several days in Providence.

Mrs. William B. Franklin is entertaining Miss Clara Franklin, who is here for a fortnight.

Dr. and Harry Manchester have returned to their home in Saylesville, after spending two weeks with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Matt are visiting in Oak Bluff, Mass.

Miss Rose Pittouf, the champion lady swimmer, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bradley at their cottage at the Hummock. Sunday Miss Pittouf gave an exhibition of swimming in the basin between the bridges. She was accompanied by Mrs. Katie Brown of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Manchester of Stanton Farm are entertaining Miss Mary I. Davis of Salem, Mass.

Mr. Arthur Fish of Watertown, Mass., is visiting his father, Mr. Lawrence Fish.

The annual dinner of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, will be held at the Mintonomni Club next Friday evening.

Through the Wilds Down the Allagash

(203 Miles by Canoe)

It is one of the wonder vacations of the world

You go by train to Moosehead Lake away down in the

WILDS OF MAINE

There you get your camp supplies, and guides, white or Indian. The next morning you're off for 200 miles through the forest scenery of unimaginable beauty—still water, quick water, rapids, waterfalls. You cross nine exquisite, lonely lakes—Chesuncook, Umbagog, Mud, Chamberlain, Eagle, Churchill, Umsaskia, Long, Round—and so into the Allagash River, into the St. John, to Fort Kent on the Canadian border. (Get out your map.)

You come out brown and happy and made over in body and nerves.

Two weeks are ample for the trip and the cost is small.

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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

Board of Aldermen.

The business for the regular weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, was largely of a routine nature. Bills and payrolls were approved and several licenses were granted. A resolution was passed authorizing the city treasurer to pay to Chief Kirwin the \$100 allowed him by the council toward his expenses in attending the convention of fire chiefs. The contract for repairs to the Van Zandt avenue bridge was awarded to Walter B. Bryer, the lowest bidder. There was considerable discussion about the removal of poles on Morton avenue. This came up on the question of approving the plans for the already constructed street railway extension and some of the members thought the plans should not be approved until all the poles had been removed. Col. Shorfield, representing the company, explained that it would interfere with the service for summer residents to remove the poles now, but agreed to remove them at the close of the season. The board then approved the plans with the understanding that the poles should be removed by October 15. No action was taken on motor fire apparatus.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. Gladys Sherman Barker was the soloist Sunday at the afternoon service at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. E. E. Wells, who had been granted a month's vacation, with Mrs. Wells and four children left Monday for Boston and will later go to Vermont to visit among relatives. Rev. Joseph Cooper will supply next Sunday and Secretary Andrews of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. the following Sabbath. The evening services and the Epworth League meetings will be omitted until September.

Mr. James R. Chase is entertaining his eldest daughter, Mrs. U. Fred White and daughter Elizabeth of Newport.

Mr. Wm. S. Slocum is visiting his son Wm. Gould Slocum at Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. Lilla Greenman left last week for Norfolk and will make a six weeks' visit among relatives in Connecticut.

Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, teacher at the Foxboro Annex, who has been travelling in Europe since early in June, returned Sunday.

A neighborhood loan exhibition was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Miss Emma Chase, which was well attended. The large collection of antiques was artistically displayed and comprised a great variety of articles in fine needlework, table and bed linen, clothing and bonnets, furniture, silver, glass, china, pavier, daguerreotypes and choice fans. Refreshments were served in the dining room, the table and furnishings of which were old-fashioned. The Delft China was made in England in 1650 and was in a perfect state of preservation. Mrs. J. Lincoln Sherman presided at the oak table and Mrs. John Elliot served tea.

Newport Casino

Concerts every Sunday evening beginning at 8 o'clock.

Admission to the grounds during the concert 25 cts.

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(B. A., M. B., B. Ch., D. P. H., M. D., Cambridge.)

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Come to Our Place

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SHERIFF HALTS THAW'S FLIGHT

He Recognizes Fugitive on Train Bound For Canada

WAS HEAD NG FOR QUEBEC

Leaves Train Near Border and Attempts to Cross in Farmer's Wagon with New Hampshire Official in Pursuit—Engages High Class Counsel and Scores Important Point

The Canadian immigration authorities declare that Harry K. Thaw will be deported from Canada under the immigration regulations.

The rule under which this action is possible provides that any person who, within five years of his incarceration in a penitentiary or insane asylum, enters Canada, may be sent back as an undesirable.

Twelfth hour developments presage that the fight for liberty will center in the state of New Hampshire, although the New York officials and Mattewain heads will make every effort to forestall Thaw's removal to New Hampshire. The latter is just what they will expend every ounce of energy to prevent, knowing that it means endless litigation, whatever the outcome.

Once on New Hampshire soil Thaw can give legal battle which may ultimately mean his freedom. The officials hurrying from New York to Sherbrooke will endeavor to have Thaw given into their custody or returned to the state of New York instead of New Hampshire.

After a dash for liberty from the Mattewain asylum for the criminal insane, in which he is supposed to have been aided by New York gunmen, equipped with a high-powered automobile, Harry Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, was arrested crossing the Canadian border in a farmer's wagon, which he had hired to facilitate his escape from the New York authorities.

Thaw was later arraigned at Sherbrooke, Can., as an undesirable from the United States and was remanded to jail. He will appear before Judge McEwen, extradition commissioner. He has engaged counsel for himself and his two companions.

While the police of New England were on the qui vive in regard to the whereabouts of the notorious Mattewain prisoner, and his mother, in response to the letter from her son, was preparing to join him at her country home in Pennsylvania, Thaw boarded a train at Portland, Me., and proceeded toward Quebec, where he supposed to take passage for Europe. The letter to his mother is now regarded as a "blind."

The arrest of Thaw was due to an interest inquiry as the train was nearing the Canadian line. On the train was Sheriff Kelsey of Colebrook, N. H. When Thaw asked the location of the nearest county seat, he was referred to the sheriff for an answer.

The question struck the sheriff as odd and he took a good look at the prisoner. Thaw shifted in his seat under the scrutiny. Finally he asked: "You don't know me, do you?"

The sheriff made a random shot at struck the bullseye when he replied: "Well, I can make a pretty good guess that you are Harry Thaw."

"You're right."

Thaw's friends took no part in the conversation. Thaw then told of the plan to reach Quebec from which he intended to sail for Europe.

Thaw told the sheriff he had no right to take him; that no charge had been leveled against him in New Hampshire. The sheriff seemingly agreed with Thaw and left the train at Colebrook, N. H. He had some private business to attend to, but thinking later of the Thaw quest, Kelsey hired an automobile and together with Walter Drew, a press correspondent, and another man, entered upon a pursuit.

At Colebrook one of Thaw's companions got off the train, probably with the idea of hiring an automobile and picking Thaw up beyond the border. Thaw left the train at Hereford, where he called a farmer out of bed and persuaded him to drive himself and his companions across the line.

The farmer who drove Thaw said he later offered him \$9 to drive him about fifteen miles to any point where he could reach the Grand Trunk railway and so get a train for Quebec.

The sheriff's auto overtook the party at Harnesville-Garford, where, at Kelsey's request, a Canadian officer faced the fugitive under arrest.

Harnesville-Garford is a village five miles south of Colebrook, Que., and Thaw was taken there. Though he had already admitted his identity to Kelsey, Thaw at first denied that he was the man who escaped from Mattewain. Later he freely admitted the facts of which the police were already convinced. He said, however, that he would fight any effort to extradite him and retained Attorney Shurtleff at Colebrook to look after his interests.

Hector Verret, king's counsel of Colebrook, is acting for Kelsey, who is the actual complainant in the case. Kelsey charged that Thaw was a fugitive and demanded that he be held for the United States authorities.

Thaw's counsel, under the resourceful leadership of F. J. McKoon, Thaw's greatest and highest-priced lawyer, sprang a sensation when they filed an adjournment until Wednesday of the hearing on the habeas corpus writ.

New York state officials who were at the hearing were dumfounded. They declared that habeas proceedings could not be ad-

ourned, but in spite of their protests, the case went over.

McKeon asked for delay on the ground that Attorney Shurtleff is on the way to Ottawa with a demand direct to the Canadian government that Thaw, guilty of no crime against the dominion laws, be liberated at once.

It is now regarded that Shurtleff's hurried departure was nothing less than a ruse by McKeon to get the delay he declares is essential for the success of Thaw's freedom.



1913, by American Press Association. HARRY K. THAW

Harry K. Thaw escaped from Mattewain state hospital for the criminal insane by throwing a gatepost to the ground as he opened a door to admit a worker and then leaping into a taxicab outside and speeding away toward the Connecticut state line.

A quarter of a mile down the road Thaw abandoned the taxicab while it was going at a high rate of speed and leaped into a big six cylinder Packard touring car, which had been waiting for him.

With the taxicab trailing, the Packard sped away at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Four men beside the chauffeurs of the two cars were involved in the escape.

Convinced that the escape was the development of a carefully laid plot engineered by Thaw and his family, the authorities of the institution have offered a reward of \$500 for his capture and have suspended a keeper named Barnum. Dr. Kitch expressed the belief in offering the reward that Thaw was enabled to escape by assistance given him by guards.

Ten minutes after Thaw escaped scores of automobiles were on his trail along the route the big Packard followed, but not one of the pursuing cars could develop more than sixty miles an hour at the most.

Howard H. Barnum, the attendant on duty at the entrance to Mattewain asylum grounds when Harry K. Thaw escaped last Sunday, was arraigned at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and held in \$1000 bail for examination Sept. 6, on a charge of bribery to effect Thaw's escape.

Barnum's arraignment was simply for fixing his bail. His lawyers said they would secure bonds for him.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Condensed Paragraphs of Happenings Around the World

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader, arrived at Trouville, France, to join her daughter Christabel, who has been staying at this seaside resort.

The Italian hydrographers are again puzzled by the sudden disappearance of the waters of Lake Canterno, while the population of the district is in mortal fear of some impending catastrophe. It disappears every twenty years.

Henry Ellis, suspected of being one of the two bandits who robbed a train near Hattiesburg, Miss., and secured \$92,000 from the Southern Express company safe, was captured near Carbon Hill, Ala. He was placed in jail here.

August Sternickel, a notorious German criminal, was beheaded with an axe in accordance with the Prussian method of capital punishment at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, near Berlin.

An explosion of a load of dynamite at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico City, killed or injured more than 100 persons, chiefly women and children. Thirty bodies have been taken from the ruins of the houses. It is estimated that scores of others will be found.

Edward Asmuth, 25, was killed, and Miss Amy M. Grubb, 24, died two hours later, when their carriage was struck by an engine at a crossing at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Militant suffragettes caused \$60,000 damage by burning down a theatre at Chadwick, Eng. The interior had been soaked with oil and grease.

Harry Rowe, 20, gave up the life of a stage acrobat because his mother thought it dangerous. He went to work in a mine at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., and was crushed to death.

H. Sternweis, his wife and three small children, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their home on a farm near Dubuque, Ia.

DIGGS FOUND GUILTY

Jury Finds He Violated the Mann White Slave Traffic Act

Mary I. Diggs was found guilty at San Francisco of white slavery. The case went to the jury with an attempt by the defense to prove Diggs did not transport Marsha Warrington across the state line from Sacramento, Cal., to Reno, Nev., nor that they did not live there for three days as husband and wife.

Strathcona to Resign at 94 Lord Strathcona has signified his intention of quitting the post of Canadian high commissioner. He will retire early next year when he will have reached his 94th year.

PLANS TO AVOID PARTY WARFARE

Glynn Declares There Will Be No Political Earthquake

HE ANNOUNCES HIS POLICIES

First Official Act Upon Assuming Duties of Acting Governor of New York—Sulzer Still Holds the Fort as Chief Executive in Old Chamber—Clash of Authority Near

There will be "no political earthquakes and no factional reprisals" during the incumbency of Martin J. Glynn as acting governor of New York. Glynn so declared in a statement outlining his policy.

The issuance of this statement was Glynn's first official act after taking possession of the new executive chambers on the third floor of the capitol, assigned to him by the trustees of public buildings.

On the floor beneath, Governor Sulzer continued to discharge the functions of chief executive in the old executive suite. He was surrounded by his clerical staff, the members of which were much perturbed over an announcement by Glynn that they would be requisitioned by him for service as they might be needed.

This promises an immediate clash of authority, as attempted dismissal may follow refusal of these employees to obey one of the two claimants of the governorship. Glynn's statement follows:

"Owing to the duties thrust upon me by the constitution, I wish to make clear the policy I purpose to pursue as acting governor.

"I do not intend to employ a temporary occupancy of the governorship for the purpose of partisan warfare.

"Under me, as acting governor, there will be no political earthquakes and no factional reprisals.

"I have no intention of removing departmental heads for mere political reasons.

"I propose to discharge my sworn obligations for the best interest of the public.

"I ask the hearty co-operation of all state officials and all good citizens to help bring order out of chaos in the state government until the court of impeachment shall have rendered a verdict.

"The duties devolving upon me I did not seek. They are imposed upon me temporarily by the constitution and I am determined to live up to the constitution.

"I believe in law and order, and the affairs of the state must proceed in an orderly manner according to constitutional provisions.

"I propose to discharge the duties of acting governor without fear or favor, without ostentation or advertisement, without factional purpose or personal motive.

"No act of mine will compound the present confusion. Official chaos must end and the affairs of the state proceed as if no impeachment proceedings were pending. Until the court of impeachment renders its decision, I intend to do only things as may be necessary for the smooth running of the business of the state."

FREE SUGAR VICTORIOUS

But Two Democratic Senators Against Administration Measure

President Wilson's program for free sugar in 1916 carried the day in the senate when Democrats rallied to the support of the tariff bill and defeated all amendments to the sugar schedule.

With all but Senators Ransdell and Thornton of Louisiana standing firmly for the administration measure, the Democrats defeated the Bristow amendment for a compromise duty, the Norris amendment, against free sugar, and the Gallinger amendment against free maple sugar.

An amendment to abolish immediately the Dutch standard color test for sugar was adopted during the fight.

FAMILY OF FIVE SLAIN

Husband and Father Found Dying Beside Dead Bodies

The bodies of Mrs. Mary Lake and her four children, Herace, 17, Walter, 8, Stella, 18, and Dorothy, 14, were found in their Brooklyn home, horribly mangled.

Beside them, dying, was the husband and father, Henry Lake, a restaurant chef. Apparently he killed all five and then fatally wounded himself.

The tragedy occurred as early as last Thursday. Odors from the rooms alarmed neighbors and at their request the police broke in.

A DRAMATIC STRUGGLE

Governor of Jolo Kills Two Moros Who Treacherously Attack Him

Vernon L. Whitney of Iowa, governor of Jolo, had a narrow escape when attacked treacherously by Moros. He received five baron wounds, but will probably recover.

Whitney had just completed an inspection of the scout camp at Buxi Loco and had sent his interpreter to order his launch. The interpreter was attacked by Moros, but escaped.

Whitney heard of the attack, and as he ran to investigate he met two Moros, who approached in a friendly manner and then suddenly attacked him. Whitney clutched with one of the Moros while he shot and killed the other, and then after a struggle wrested the baron from the other man and finished him with it. During the struggle, however, Whitney received bad wounds.

PLOT AGAINST MAYOR GAYNOR

Dynamite Near His Office in New York City Hall

ENOUGH TO WRECK BUILDING

Death and Disaster Averted by Fuse Leading to Detonating Cap Being Too Tightly Rolled—Many Threatening Letters Received by Executive Since He Has Been in Office

Mayor Gaynor was saved from death and the New York city hall from being blown to atoms by a deadly charge of dynamite only because a strip of cotton wool was wrapped so tightly about the fuse that the spark could not reach the detonator.

Three whole sticks and two half sticks of dynamite made up the charge, which, experts say, was sufficient to have wrecked the city hall. It lay on a basement door, within sixty feet of the mayor's window.

Close to the explosive was a piece of Chinese punk and several burnt matches. The only clue that might lead to the identification of the leaders in the dynamite plot is a piece of heavy cambric, in which the dynamite and fuse were wrapped. The cloth is blue, with red and white figures, and resembles flannels worn by Italian women of the working class.

Nearly one hundred bombs have been exploded in New York city this year by Black Handers and much damage has been done.

A partly smoked cigar found near the dynamite is thought to have been thrown there by a passerby, for hundreds of smokers pass the area way and many of them throw away cigar butts there.

Mayor Gaynor would make no statement regarding a possible connection with the finding of the dynamite and a threatening letter, of which he has received a number during his term of office. When he was notified of the discovery of the explosive he showed little concern, and remained working at his desk while police officers draw a cordon about the dynamite to keep back the excited crowd.

The bureau of combustibles found the explosive to be the regulation blasting dynamite. It was arranged in lattice formation, with the two small pieces resting on the three ten-inch sticks. A partly burned four-inch fuse, made of gunpowder tightly rolled in a paper cylinder, led to a detonating cap on one of the half sticks of dynamite. The cambric in which the explosive was wrapped was tied with red and blue twine.

Gaynor was shot in the neck three years ago this month, and was so badly wounded that for several days it was thought he would die.

An investigation is being made to determine whether some previous menace in the mayor's mail gave some warning of the attempt to destroy the city hall.

HARRISON CONFIRMED

New Governor General Suits Philippine House of Delegates

The senate unanimously confirmed the nomination of Francis D. Harrison of New York as governor general of the Philippines.

Harrison called at the White House to thank President Wilson for the appointment and arrange for a conference on Philippine policies. With him went Manuel Quezon, delegate to congress from the Philippines, who carried a cablegram received from the speaker of the house of delegates in Manila, endorsing the selection of Harrison.

Bryan to Stump in Maine Secretary Bryan will spend two days in September stumping the Third Maine congressional district for William Patterson, the Democratic candidate.

HEAD ITCHED AND BURNED

Dandruff Could Be Seen Plainly in Hair and on Coat Collar. Lots of Hair Fell Out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Four Weeks.

713 Dudley St., Dorchester, Mass. — "My trouble began with dandruff. It caused me much trouble and after a while my hair began falling out. The dandruff could be seen very plainly in my hair and also on my coat collar. It caused my head to get itchy. The itching and burning caused scratching and left sores on my head. I lost much sleep through the night. Every time I combed my hair lots of hair would fall out.

"I tried — and two other remedies without success. I suffered almost two years until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Then I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I was relieved a little bit. Then I got a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in four weeks I was all cured." (Signed) James Mahoney, May 1, 1913.

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores. Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S BANK.

This Bank is, and will continue to be, the business man's bank of Newport.

The same liberal and successful policy that has built up this strong institution will be continued in the future.

Business men and others are invited to consult us about their financial and business needs.

THE NEWPORT TRUST CO.

303 THAMES STREET.

Just Figures

670,585 persons live in Boston.

215,000 people use the North and South Stations daily.

The entire city of Boston depopulated every three days!

And these are only two of the many stations of the New England Lines.

And only the average of three days travel!

Think what these figures suggest of travel in a year!



CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

JAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

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If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—

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we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and and serve you well.

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182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

The Scrap Book

Couldn't Stop Him Again.

A bishop, accosted in Fifth avenue, New York, by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a really fine dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pony up.

"Never mind," exclaimed his guest: "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two.

This worried the prelate, who insisted, "Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man, you've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for car fare!"

"God Bless My Mother!"

A little child with hazel hair
And smiling eyes so sweet and fair,
Who kneels when twilight darkens all
And from those loving lips there fall
The accents of this simple prayer:
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold wide,
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
Yet keeps enshrined within his breast
Her words of warning, still the best,
And whispers when temptation tries,
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A white haired man who gazes back
Along life's weary, furrowed track
And sees one face—a angel now—
Hears words of light that led aright,
And plays with reverential brow,
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

Hit Him With the Text.

"On a visit to Scotland I went to the old United Presbyterian kirk at Sarnoch," said a clergyman, "and I heard a good story about a former minister. His name was the Rev. David Caw, and he was very diminutive, standing only about five feet two inches. He led to the altar a strapping, handsome lass some five or six inches taller than he, and her name was Grace Wilson."

"The Sunday after the wedding he got a neighboring minister to preach for him, so that he could sit with his bride on the first Sunday. The minister was a good deal of a wag, so Mr. Caw made him promise faithfully that he would not allude in his sermon to himself, his bride or the fact of the marriage. The wag gave the promise that in his sermon he would make no allusion of that kind whatever, but Mr. Caw nearly sank through the floor when the text was given out—Ephesians II. 8. 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this Grace given.'"

Poor Defenseless Men.

A certain painter in New York, though he is still a young man and looks younger, has a way of winning prizes at National Academy exhibitions and such; also he has a studio near Central park. The other day he went into the park with the sort of paraphernalia artists use when they go sketching. He picked out a place to suit him, set up his workshop and fell to, very earnestly. Presently he was aware of something behind him—something with eyes. He looked up. There stood a snarling dressed young lady, aged five or thereabouts. She was frankly interested in what he was doing and met his gaze without embarrassment.

"Do you mind if a little girl looks over your shoulder?" she said.
"Not if she is a good little girl," replied the artist politely, and went on with his painting. It was some time before he looked up again. The young lady of five was still there. She caught his eye and bent forward him with an eager, coaxing smile.
"What do the naughty little girls say to you?" she whispered.—New York Post.

Mme. Loubet's Corset Mystery.

A capital story is being told in Paris of M. Loubet. The other afternoon a friend saw the ex-president seated in his carriage on the boulevards. Quite two hours later the friend happened to pass again. Loubet was still there. Approaching the carriage, the passerby inquired: "Well, Emile, you have more leisure nowadays than you know what to do with. And madame?" "Mme. Loubet," echoed the ex-president—"she's quite well. She's in there—has been for two hours," pointing to the shop. It was "An Corset Mystere." "It will be a mystery to me," added Loubet. "If she gets fitted by dinner. She certainly won't suffer."—New York Sun.

Slayer and Sleigher.

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly Ralph Waldo Emerson had a poem called "Brahma," which puzzled both critics and common readers. Some said it was the greatest poem of the century. Some said it was nonsense. The first verse ran as follows:

If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again.

That winter it happened that a relative of the poet Longfellow, living in another state, bought a sleigh, and in a family letter to the cousins in Cambridge there was a wall text the January that which had followed the purchase should keep them from enjoying the gay career that season. When the letter was answered Longfellow contributed this verse:

TO — ON THE PURCHASE OF A SLEIGH.

If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
Of snow, that comes and goes again.

More Ancient.

"They say that chess is the oldest game," remarked the Old Frog.
"Poker is older than chess," said the Wit Guy.

"How do you know?" asked the Old Frog.

"Didn't Noah draw to pairs on the Ark and get a full house?" replied the Wit Guy.—Chicagoan Enquirer.

MARK TWAIN AND O. HENRY.

Humor of Their Column Writing in the Old Days.

In the old days writing columns was a noble business. It was generally regarded as a preface to literary achievement. Mark Twain and O. Henry were columnists and were working along the good, old safe lines years ago. They were both particularly strong for answering imaginary correspondents. Here is a sample from the work of each, so you may judge how far the columning art has backed up. The first paragraph is Mark Twain's:

Arithmeticia, Virginia City, Nev.—If it would take a cannon ball three and one-third seconds to travel four miles and three and three-eighths seconds to travel the next four and three and five-eighths to travel the next four and if its rate of progress continued to diminish in the same ratio, how long would it take it to go 1,000,000,000,000 miles? I don't know.

Follows O. Henry's:

Who was the author of the line, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?"—O. F.

This was written by a visitor to the state sequestration of 1852 while conversing with a member who had just eaten a large slice of Limburger cheese.

Both Mark Twain and O. Henry were writers of burlesque too. They burlesqued novels, Elmore Glyn and Arnold Bennett would have been sausage and wheat cakes for them if they had been unknown columnists when the two last named got into the strong literary light.—Chicago Post.

Enthusiasm.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Phillips Brooks.

Did His Best Anyway.

Mrs. D'Oyley Carte used to tell this story of the olden days at the Savoy. In London, when her husband was staging Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, a seamy looking individual applied to Mrs. D'Oyley Carte so persistently for work that at last she referred him to her husband. At the moment the latter was busy trying some candidates for the chorus, but this did not prevent the applicant from interrupting to ask him for work. Mr. D'Oyley Carte waved him off impatiently, but



LIFTED UP HIS VOICE AND SANG.

after the applicant had repeated the request once or twice he gave in and handed him the words of a song.
"Sing that," he said, and he motioned to the pianist to play the accompaniment. "Go on!"

After some hesitation the stranger lifted up his voice and sang, and the result was so awful that the manager interrupted hurriedly.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. "What do you mean by this tomfoolery? You have the confounded impudence to ask me for a job!"

The stranger looked hurt. "Well, I didn't want to sing," he said with an injured air. "I ain't no singer. I'm a stage carpenter, and I only sang to please you, cos you asked me to!"

Came Out Unhurt.

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day as he was riding to Nashville on the old L. and N. the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a boat hook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying, "Colonel, are you hurt?"

"No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a drop!"—Everybody's.

Turning the Tables.

Here is a West Point story, told about one of the awe inspiring sentries who halt everybody who approaches after 11 o'clock at night.

Old Black Rob, the servant of one of the academy instructors, gave his version of it thus:

"Mis' Margaret, yo' knows dat culled girl 'at works for Captain Smith? Well, she were comin' home late last night from der city, an' when she clomb up to der top ob dis yere tall hill one ob dem dere little sentry boys yell out loud to her an' say: 'Halt! Who comes here?' Josephine, she's not a bit fernal ob anything, so she jes' speaks up sorta quick-like an' say: 'Now, don't you be scairt, honey. No body ain't come to hurt yo'!'—Woman's Home Companion.

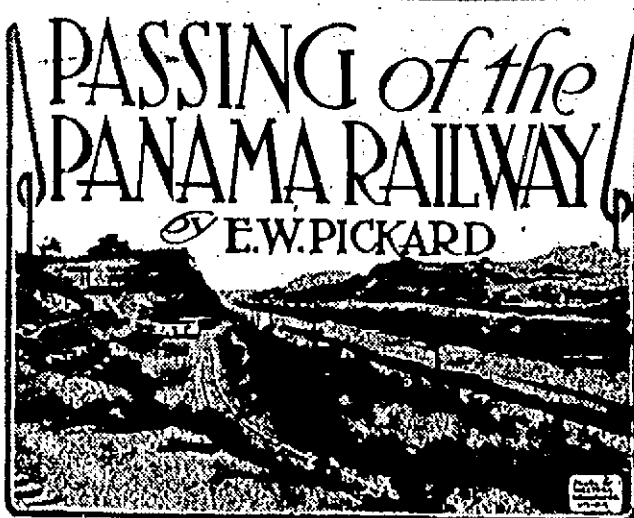
Mr. Maun—Great Caesar, Laura, why did you buy me those ties?

Mrs. Maun—Why, they were marked down to almost nothing.

Mr. Maun—And that's exactly what I'll be if I wear them!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Missionary—If you are about to kill me let me sing a hymn.

Canibal—No sir—ee, No music with meals in this joint.—Life.



CULEBRA CUT FROM THE RAILWAY

Colon, O. Z.—With the completion of the Panama canal the importance of the Panama railway will decline almost to the vanishing point.

For nearly sixty years this railway has been carrying people and freight from ocean to ocean. Though only 47 miles long, it has been, for certain periods, one of the most important and most interesting railroad lines in the world. During the building of the canal, under the ownership of the United States, it has become one of the best equipped and most efficient of railways. It has given great help in the construction of the canal that will prove its virtual death.

The finding of gold in California was the cause of the building of the Panama railroad. For long years before the wild rush of argonauts in 1849 the isthmus was almost forgotten by the civilized world, but when the yellow metal was discovered on the west coast it became once more a great trade route. In order to avoid the long trip across the plains in "prairie schooners," thousands of gold-seekers went by boat to Chagres, up the Chagres river to Gorgona or Cruces and thence over the old Spanish road to Panama. This, too, was a long route and in the rainy season a painful and dangerous one because of the prevalence of disease.

To the rescue of the gold hunters came three bold Americans, W. H. Aspinwall, Henry Channing and John L. Stevens. In 1848 these men had asked the government of New Granada for a concession for the road, and in 1850 Stevens obtained it at Bogota. The Pacific terminals could not be otherwise than at Panama, but at first the harbor of Porto Bello was selected for the Atlantic terminus. However, a New York speculator spoiled this plan by buying up all the land about the harbor and holding it at a very high price, so Navy Bay was chosen instead.

When work on the line was begun in May, 1850, there was no celebration, no turning of the first spadeful of earth with a golden shovel.

Two Americans with a gang of Indians landed on Manzanillo Island, now the site of the city of Colon, then a desolate, uninhabited spot, and began the tremendous task of clearing the route through the dense jungle. The surveying party suffered intensely, for the land was so swampy and so infested with malaria and yellow fever bearing mosquitoes that they were compelled to sleep aboard a ship. Much of the time they carried their lunches tied on their heads and ate them standing waist-deep in the water.

The efforts of the company to obtain laborers were attended by a terrible tragedy. Eight hundred Chinese were brought over from Hong Kong, but within a week of their landing scores of them died. Opium was given the survivors and for a short time checked the ravages of disease. But the supply of the drug was shut off on account of its cost, and again the deaths became numerous. The poor Orientals in despair began to commit suicide, some by hanging, others by impalement, while some deliberately sat down upon the seashore and waited for the rising tide to overwhelm them. In a few weeks scarce two hundred were left, and these, broken in health and spirits, were sent to Jamaica.

Another shipload of laborers, this time from Ireland, met no better fate, for nearly every man died.

The material difficulties that confronted the railway builders are thus summarized by Tames in his "Panama in 1855": "The isthmus did not supply a single resource necessary for the undertaking. Not only the capital, skill and enterprise, but the labor, the wood and iron, the daily food, the clothing, the roof to cover and the instruments to work with came from abroad."

Most of the material used for the construction of the road was brought from vast distances. Although the country abounded in forests, it was found necessary, from the expense of labor and the want of routes of communication, to send the timber for the most part from the United States, and not only were the rails, to a considerable extent, laid on American pine, but the bridges, and the houses and work-shops of the various settlements were of the same wood, all fashioned in Maine and Georgia. The metal work, the rails, the locomotives and the tools were brought either from England or the United States. The daily food of the laborers, even, came from a New York market.

The first section of the road was laid through a mangrove swamp in which no bottom was found, the tracks being floated on an immense pontoon. By October, 1851, eight miles had been completed and solid ground was reached at Gatun. Lack of funds now began to hamper the builders. In-

The Sabbath begins in Helgoland at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, when the church bells are rung, and ceases on the following day at the same hour. At one time no vessel was permitted to leave the port during the Sabbath.

"You say he is creating." "Verr, he honestly thinks he can judge a summer resort by the picture on the postcard."—Washington Star.

Conductor—Madam, that child looks older than—three years. Mother—Yes, indeed he does, conductor. That child has had a lot of trouble.—Every body's.

FREE SPEECH.

I believe in freedom of speech, first, last and all the time. I know and understand that there is a class of people who cannot hire a hall to present their views to the public, and there is no reason why they should be kept from telling their story to all who want to hear. There is a limit, however, to which such people should go, and there is a limit which they will not be allowed to exceed. This limit is the bounds of decency. When a street speaker becomes indecent, vile or unreasonably abusive of any person or class it is time to call a halt. Such speakers do more to hurt any cause than they do to benefit it, and they are intruding on the rights of the majority. As to strikes, I realize that the working class has a right to make its demands, but I object to the use of violence or force in settling any problem. I object also to persons who have no interest, directly or indirectly, excepting to disturb and abuse, interfering in any strike or labor trouble. It is enough for those directly interested to fight the battle fairly and not call in disinterested disturbers, who do not know the bounds of decency or civility or fairness.—Mayor Albee of Portland, Ore.

CONTENTMENT.

A wife, good and true,
And a baby or two,
A welcome for friends at the door,
Some roses in bloom
Just to scatter the gloom—
Now, tell me, what man can have more?

A home that is blest
With contentment and rest—
This is mine when the long day is over.
Love and laughter await
There for me at the gate.
Do you think, Mr. Rich, you have more?

—Detroit Free Press.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The canal was built as a great international waterway, but it was also built for our own national profit to afford a strategic position for our navy where it might operate in either the Atlantic or the Pacific. We have a right to fortify the canal against hostile nations. We are foolish in the extreme if we do not. Such a course is not inconsistent with arbitration.—W. H. Taft.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

About ben Adhem—may his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said About.
"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. About spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished.
The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom
love of God had blessed.
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

SIRENS AND SONS.

Gottfried Hahn, just ordained to the ministry in St. Louis, is the twelfth member of his family to devote himself to the spiritual welfare of lepers in India.

Colonel George W. Goethals, chief engineer of the Panama canal, has been given the honorary degree of doctor of laws by the University of Pennsylvania.

Count Itagaki, founder of the first political party in Japan, has been distinguished by the erection of a statue in his honor in the famous Ebisu park of Tokyo. At the unveiling, which took place recently, he was an interested spectator.

The Rev. Frederick E. Atwood, grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Minnesota, is blind, having lost his sight several years ago. Despite this handicap he has continued in active work for the order and is now serving his second term as grand chancellor.

Count Christian Gienther von Bernstorff, son of the German ambassador to the United States, has entered the office of Speyer & Co., New York, as a clerk. The count intends to remain with the firm for a year to acquire the knowledge of finance and banking necessary for those who plan to enter the German diplomatic service.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SPOILED THE TABLEAU.

Just Because Some of the Actors Made a Hasty Exit.

They were going on a round the world tour with the opera "Ivory," and were billed at Malta. This was no flup company by any means. The tenors were plump, the baritones well fed and the sopranos and contraltos becomingly beautiful. The outfit carried also a pack of adipose forbonds, which is essential to this particular show.

When the ship arrived at Malta the port officials promptly put the bounds in quarantine for twelve hours, whereupon the manager went behind the smokestack and anathematized Malta, Gozo, Comino and the rest of the neighborhood. "Dorothy" couldn't be played without a pack of canines. Its then went ashore and explained the dilemma to the local manager. The latter bade him cheer up, for Tommy, Somebody-or-other would supply the deficiency all right. Tommy was accordingly interviewed and rose to the occasion. He would gladly supply twenty-seven dogs.

That evening the theater was packed. Tommy was in the front row of the orchestra to see that the dogs behaved themselves. The opera went



WITH A SOUND THOSE DOGS WERE OVER THE ORCHESTRA.

magnificently till when approaching the finale of act I Dorothy brought on the dogs in leashes. To all appearances Dorothy was going hunting with a pack that included greyhounds, whippets, spaniels, fox terriers, bull terriers, dachshunds, dandie dionmies, two Great Danes and even a Pekingese Poo. And when their eyes rested on Tommy in the front row there manifested wasn't a stuffed dog among them. Tommy was so delighted that he thought he would go out and celebrate. He stooped down, drew his hat from underneath the seat and started.

Twenty-seven pairs of canine eyes duly noted the action, and twenty-seven pairs of canine lungs sent up a concerted howl of surprise that their master should go without them. With a bound those dogs were over the orchestra, putting the leader, the violinists, the first and second trombones and the big drum out of action, and after Tommy.

The actors pulled the rest of the show through somehow, but the local critic had the effrontery to say the following morning that the hunting tableau was "as void of realism as the wooden animals in a child's Noah's ark."—New York Tribune.

Do It Well.

Every piece of work that we do which is well done is so much help; every piece of pretense and half-heartedness is so much hurt.—William Morris.

Her Abbuks.

In front of one of the large cages at the zoo, where the sloth bear was stretched on his back in the sunshine, aimlessly waving his legs in the air, stood a woman and a little girl. Bystanders overheard the child's remark: "Oh, mamma, see those—very bears!" Turning, they waited expectantly for the mother's reply. Judge their surprise when they heard her prompt reproof:

"Ethel, how many times have I told you not to point!"—Everybody's.

Unpatriotic.

Many years ago an indignant citizen complained to old Mayor Quincy of Boston that the street sweepers were an ungentlemanly lot. "I know it. I know it," acknowledged the old gentleman sadly. "I've tried to induce the members of the first families of Commonwealth avenue to handle the brooms, but they won't do it!"

A Blast From the Cyclone.

Ex-Senator Chauncey Depew has lots of fun with folks when he officiates as chairman or toastmaster at a banquet. But he met his match when he introduced a speaker guest, a Minnesota college president as "the oratorical cyclone of the west."

The Minnesotaan was there with the goods. A tall, dignified man, he rose solemnly, stared at Depew through his spectacles and said:

"Coming from the greatest knowledge on wind, that cyclone characterization is the highest compliment I could possibly receive."—New York World.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

State College Notes.

Prof. H. W. Rieck of the poultry department will spend his two weeks' vacation at his home in Maryland.

Miss Lucy O. Tucker, Registrar, and Miss Harriet L. Merwin, Professor of Botany, have returned from their vacation.

Prof. S. H. Webster of the department of Civil Engineering, and his wife have returned from an automobile trip to Pennsylvania and points in the Middle West.

Miss Alice M. Bailey, of Dunape, N. H., has been elected as head of the women's dormitory and instructor in physical culture to place of Miss Nellie A. Harral who resigned. Miss Bailey is a graduate of Boston University where she won the Phi Beta Kappa degree. She was a successful teacher in high schools and academies for the past ten years, and resigned a position she has held at the Kimball Union Academy for the past five years to come to Rhode Island.

The premium list of the Corn Growing Association will be ready about the first of September. Gov. Fitch has offered a blue bronze statue as a sweepstakes prize. This statue is a copy of a work by a famous French sculptor, entitled "Return from the Market." The copy is about thirty inches high and represents a young woman with a market basket on her arm. While the date for the corn exhibit is not yet finally fixed, it will probably be held early in December in Providence.

Two pests have recently been called to the attention of the Extension department. One of these is a plant known as the orange hawk weed, already well established in southern New England, and is now found to have gained a foothold in this state. As Rhode Island has no weed laws, its eradication will depend upon the individual effort of owners of farm lands. The plant is just now passing its period of bloom. It has a single tall flower stalk with a number of flowers in a loose cluster at the top. The flowers are shaped like small asters but are of a distinctly reddish orange color at the outside, fading to a lemon yellow at the center. At the base of the flower stalk is usually a cluster of spear-shaped leaves covered with long white coarse hairs. The plant spreads rapidly, both by the seeds and through the underground root system. Once established, it is as tenacious of life as the wild carrot or Canadian thistle. The other pest is an insect which works in the seeds of the apple and which Prof. Strain identified as the apple seed chalcid fly. The egg is laid in the seed itself when the apple is small and the larva consumes the seed of the fruit. Fruit attacked by this fly is covered with unsightly punctures and never attains a normal development. The insect is probably of European origin and has been made a study at Cornell University recently.

Massachusetts is not at all happy over its direct primary law. It seems to keep elections on hand the year round, and like Newport's municipal city charter it deters good men from allowing themselves to be candidates for office. Even the Boston Globe which was an earnest advocate for the law says, "The primary law is so defective in its provisions that it is likely to be regarded with much public disfavor."

The Globe further says: "Organization counts in politics as in everything else. Even a church cannot be run successfully by a congregation. There must be a board of managers. A manufacturing establishment would soon lose money if there were not sagacious directors. A political party soon becomes disorganized if there is no one to lead it and no financial promoters."

Ex-Congressman McCall says under this law "the party has become an unorganized mass which cannot be dealt with as a whole upon a question of this character, but must be dealt with as individuals."

The man who has no price is the only one really worth purchasing.

R. I. Normal School
Announces the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 2, at 9 a. m.

Entrance examinations Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3 and 4, at 9 a. m. All candidates must be graduates of approved high schools and must take entrance examinations.

Students preparing for the September examination may apply to the Normal School for questions used in the July examinations.

The school offers a course of study, as follows:

1. A general course of two and one-half years, which prepares for teaching in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools.

2. Kindergarten-primary course of the same length.

3. A special course of one year for teachers of successful experience.

4. A course for college graduates.

For catalogue or further information apply to the Principal, John L. Alger, R. I. Normal School, or to Walter E. Ranger, Secretary, Trustees, Box 1511, Providence.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of Susan G. Chase. THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Susan G. Chase, single woman, late of the Town of Middletown, R. I., deceased, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

DANIEL M. CHASE, Executor.

Middletown, R. I., August 23, 1913.

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

FOUR YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) in

Agriculture
Engineering
Home Economics
Applied Science

SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in

Agriculture
Home Economics

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of this State. Board and room at cost.

New Science Hall to be built this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nicetown trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

Address REGISTRAR, Kingston, R. I.

NAMES OF DEPOSITORS IN THE Savings Bank of Newport

As required by Section 17, Chapter 237 of the Banking Laws of the State of Rhode Island.

Bryer, Benjamin.	New York City
Burr, Frank A. M.	Newport, R. I.
Burns, Mary A. Geoffrey	New Shoreham
Brown, Julia J.	Newport, R. I.
Carr, George C., Trustee	Newport, R. I.
Cory, Lucy M.	Middletown
Curley, Michael	Newport, R. I.
Davis, Mary E.	Newport, R. I.
Dodge, Jennie T.	New Shoreham
Doyle, Alice M.	New Shoreham
Grinnell, Herbert A.	Little Compton
Graf, Gottlieb	Middletown
Hall, Robert D., Jr.	Melville Station
Hessy, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Hopper, Laura M.	New Shoreham
Horgan, Elizabeth	Newport, R. I.
Howland, Charles C.	Newport, R. I.
Johnston, Nellie	Newport, R. I.
Johnson, Samuel	Middletown
Keeley, Elizabeth, Trustee	Boston, Mass.
Landaw, Carl H.	Troy, N. Y.
Landaw, Fred A.	Newport, R. I.
McIver, George	Newport, R. I.
McNamara, Margaret	Newport, R. I.
Millikin, Catherine E.	New Shoreham
Millikin, Maud A.	New Shoreham
Newbold, Maud S. Ledyard	Newport, R. I.
Newton, Phillip S.	San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Patten, Eliza B.	Newport, R. I.
Potter, Edward C.	New York
Seabury, William H.	Little Compton
Stacy, Mrs. William T.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Annie C.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Hannah P.	Newport, R. I.
Sweeney, William S.	Newport, R. I.
Westcott, Marcy V. Dunn	New Shoreham
Wills, Hannah R.	New Shoreham

THE HALL OF YOUR HOME.

If a Hall Chest is as yet a stranger to your home you should introduce it with the least possible delay, for as a valiant friend it is well worth having. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it; once it's installed in the hall. It serves the dual purpose of a seat and a receptacle for "ods and ends." We've tried to picture a special Titus offering in

THE BROAD OAK CHEST

Is of unusual attractiveness in the dull oak finish which brings out every view of the wood so very clearly. It stands twenty inches high from the floor and measures thirty seven inches in width. You'll derive satisfaction worth ten times its cost from its all round helpfulness.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Reach the World by the Bell System.

IN these days of enlightenment, each progressive community welcomes every means of communication with its neighbors.

The most, the draw-bridge and the outer wall have been swept away and replaced by highways and railroads extending in every direction.

The Bell Telephone system is the greatest neighbor-maker. It not only promotes social and business intercourse in each community, but extends that activity far beyond its borders.

City boundaries and state lines are no barriers to intercommunication in the Bell system, which includes more than 7,500,000 telephones, each one a Long Distance station, and over 12,000,000 miles of telephone highways reaching over 70,000 communities.



Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

NEWPORT BEACH

BROOKLYN MARINE BAND

B. BAYETTA, Conductor.

"THE PEER OF THEM ALL."

CONCERTS Morning, Afternoon, Evening.

Shore Dinners from Noon Until 8 P. M.

Under Supervision of Chester Pryor.

A La Carte Service—Specialties, Steaks, Rhode Island Chickens, Fish, Lobsters.

NEWPORT BEACH

WANTED—Bright Young Men and Women

to register for the

OPENING DAY OF THE FALL TERM OF

CHILDS BUSINESS COLLEGE.

OPENING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER SECOND.

8-23-13 NEWPORT REALTY BUILDING.

Conductor, Madam, that child looks older than three years. Mother, yes, indeed he does, conductor. That child has had a lot of trouble. Everybody.

"That was a strong scene, my dear; it nearly took my breath away." "I noticed your breath was still stronger, my dear."

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of Ellen Peters. MARY O. HARRINGTON, Administratrix of the estate of Ellen Peters, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a list of the assets of said estate and the same is received, and referred to the Second day of September next, at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JAMES MAHON, late of the City of Newport, deceased, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ELLEN T. MAHON.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of Mary A. Ball. RAY PAYNE, Executor of the estate of Mary A. Ball, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received, and referred to the second day of September, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof shall be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of James F. Egan. J. Egan, of said Newport, praying for allowance, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of Thomas Horgan. WILLIAM H. HORGAN, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a list of the assets of said estate, and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of William G. Weaver. FRANK F. NOLAN, Administrator of the estate of William G. Weaver, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a list of the assets of said estate, and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of Shearman C. Weaver. FRANK F. NOLAN, Administrator of the estate of Shearman C. Weaver, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a list of the assets of said estate, and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 14th, 1913.

Estate of Thomas Horgan. WILLIAM H. HORGAN, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a list of the assets of said estate, and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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Notice

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Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

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AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

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